TOMB OF DRACULA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
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THE TOMB OF DRACULA™

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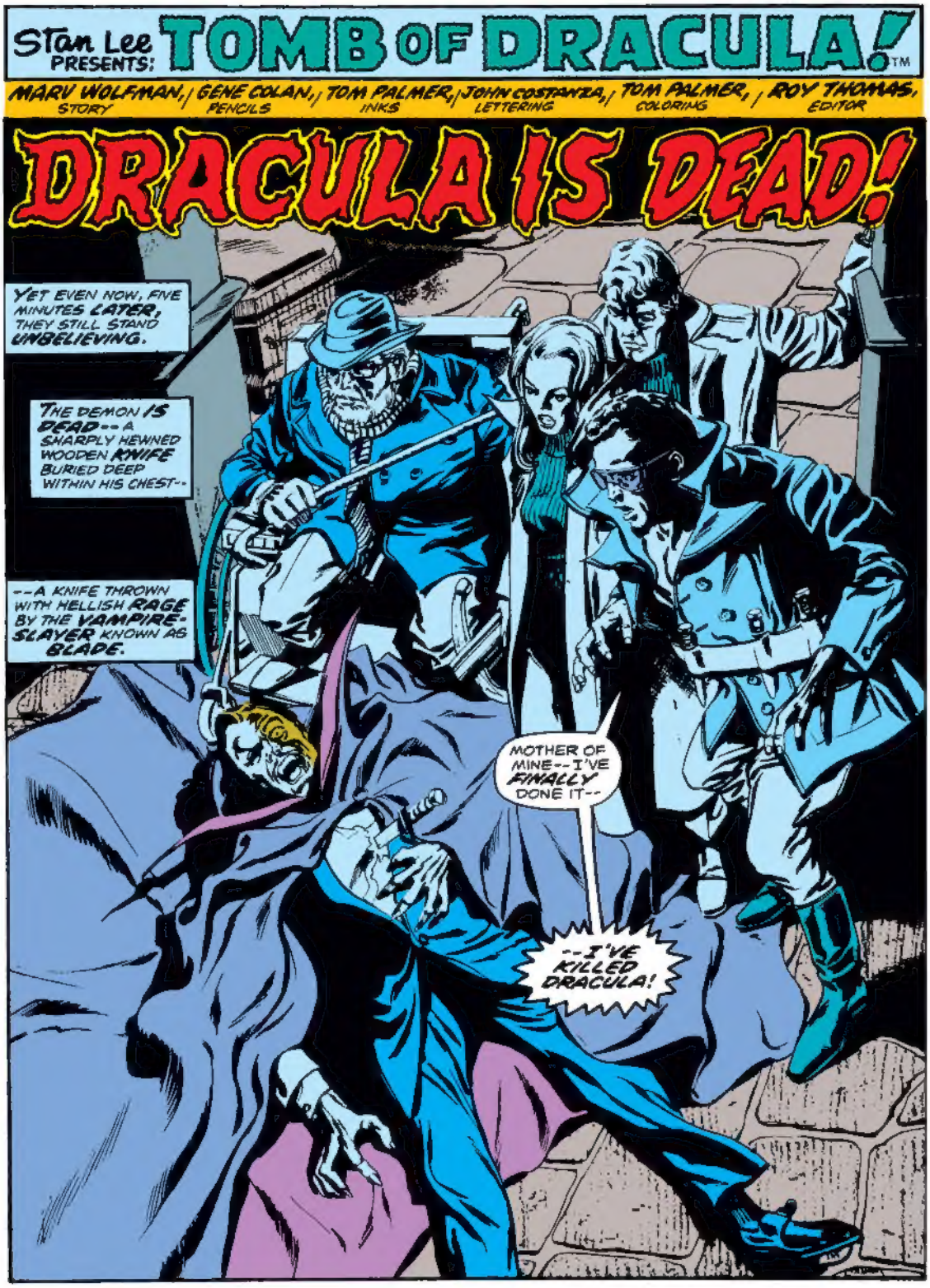
THE VAMPIRE HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE!

YOU'RE DOOMED, DRACULA! WE BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE--

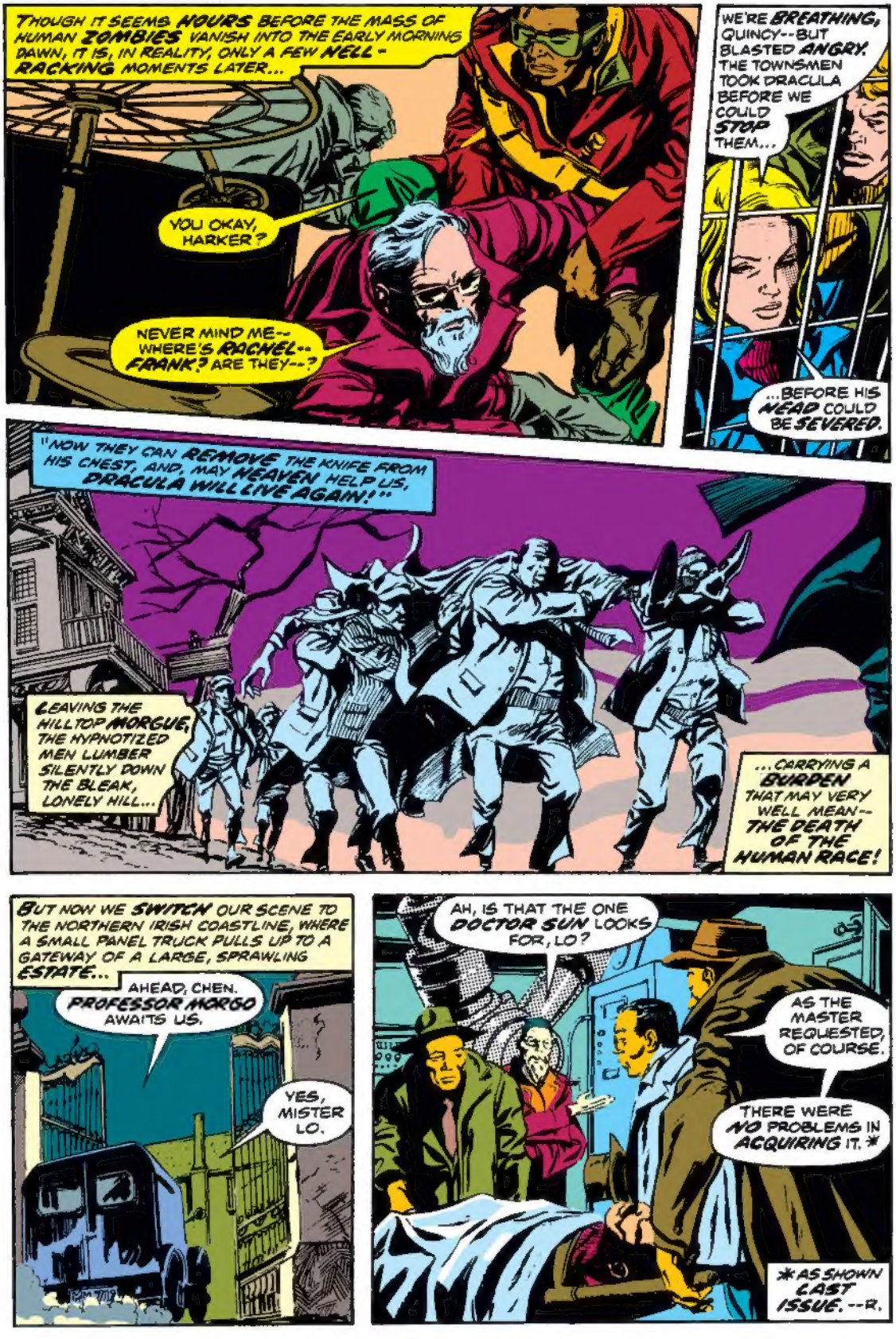
--ONLY SO THAT WE COULD KILL YOU AGAIN!


Stan Lee PRESENTS: TOMB OF DRACULA!™
MARV WOLFMAN, STORY / GENE COLAN, PENCILS / TOM PALMER, INKS / JOHN COSTANZA, LETTERING / TOM PALMER, COLORING / ROY THOMAS, EDITOR
DRACULA IS DEAD!
YET EVEN NOW, FIVE MINUTES LATER, THEY STILL STAND UNBELIEVING.
THE DEMON IS DEAD--A SHARPLY HEWNED WOODEN KNIFE BURIED DEEP WITHIN HIS CHEST--
--A KNIFE THROWN WITH HELLISH RAGE BY THE VAMPIRE-SLAYER KNOWN AS BLADE.
MOTHER OF MINE--I'VE FINALLY DONE IT--
--I'VE KILLED DRACULA!

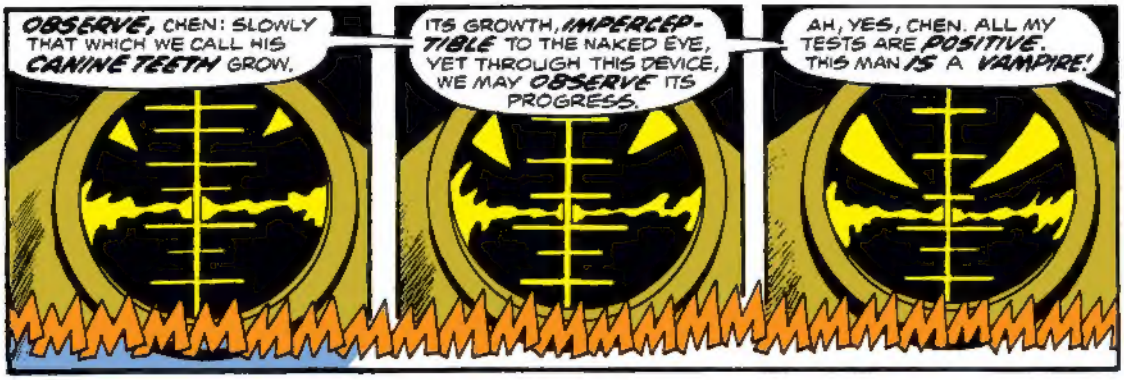
NO PULSE, AND HIS HAND FEELS LIFELESS.
HE MUST BE DEAD-- HE MUST.
I PRAY HE IS, QUINCY... BUT--
WAIT! NOISES, FROM OUT-SIDE.
QUINCY, FRANK-- LOOK.
IT'S THE VILLAGERS-- THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY-- WITH GUNS.
THE VILLAGERS: THEIR MINDS POSSESSED BY DRACULA MONTHS BEFORE... THEN HELD TILL HE COMMANDED THEIR OBEDIENCE...
"...AND, IF NEEDED, KILL ANY WHO GOT IN THEIR WAY."
THE VILLAGERS: WHO HAD BEEN GIVEN A MENTAL ORDER THE MOMENT BEFORE THE FATAL KNIFE WAS PLUNGED:
THEY MOVE ON, MINDLESSLY, TO OBEY THAT LAST COMMAND.
"STORM THE HILLTOP MORGUE...RECLAIM THE BODY OF THEIR MASTER...

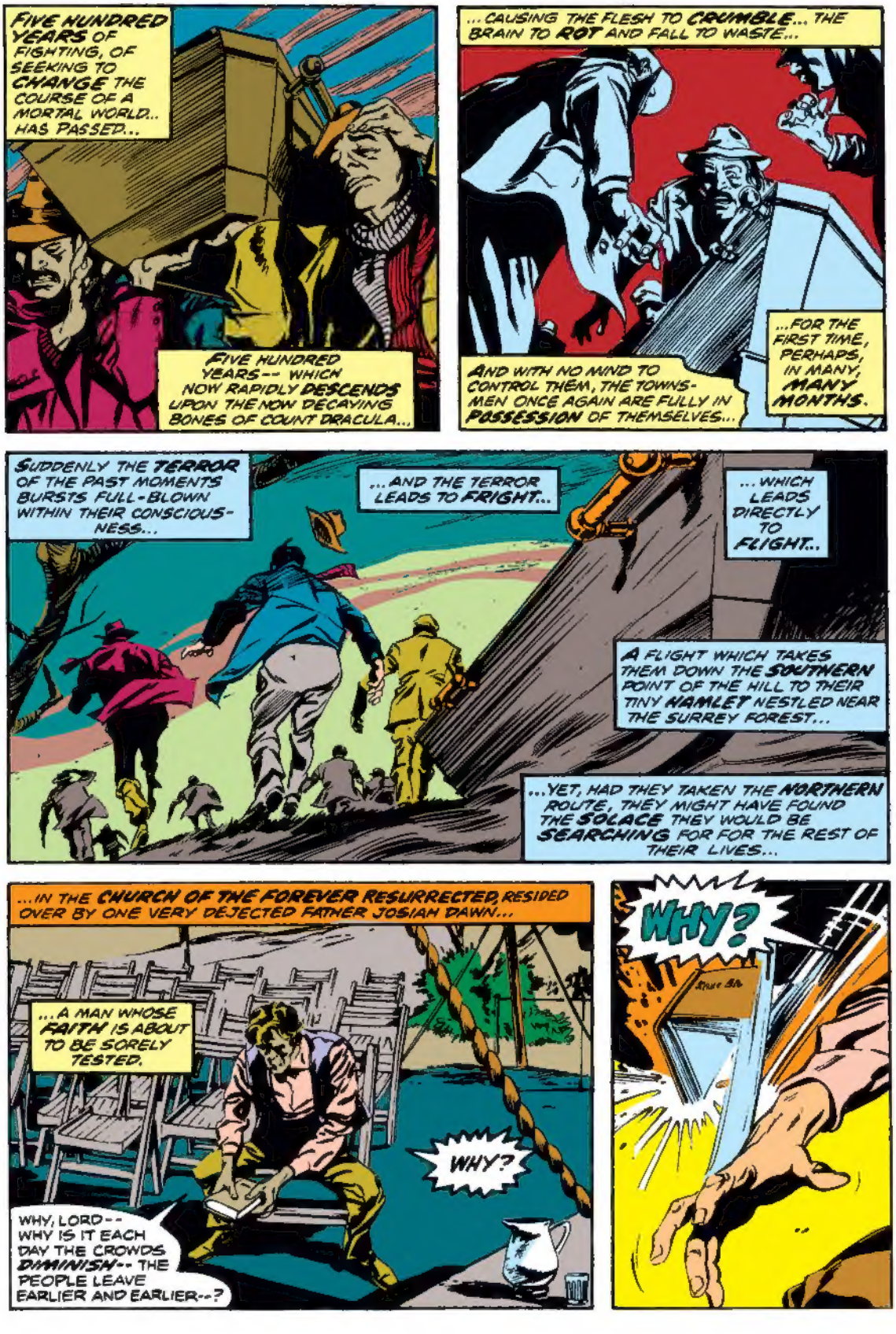
QUICKLY, BEFORE THEY BREAK IN--
BLADE, SEVER DRACULA'S HEAD. HE MUST NOT RISE AGAIN!
...PUSHING, BANGING, KICKING AT IT TILL IT BEGINS TO GIVE.
AS IF THEY KNEW OF THE THREAT TO THEIR LIFELESS MASTER, THE VILLAGERS MOVE FASTER, SMASHING AT THE OLD OAKEN DOOR...
CAN'T, HARKER-- YOU BETTER DO IT YOURSELF, MAN.
I LEAVE GO AN' THOSE LIVIN' ZOMBIES'LL BE ALL OVER US.
BUT, EVEN AS BLADE COMPLETES THAT ILL-SPAWNED SENTENCE...
CAN'T HOLD-- CAN'T...
UGGGHHHHHH!
SMASH!

LORD! LOOK AT THEIR EYES!
THEY'RE NO LONGER HUMAN--NO LONGER IN CONTROL OF THEIR OWN REASON!
EYES: BEHIND SOME CAN BE FOUND WISDOM...LOVE...HATRED--THE ENTIRE GAMUT OF HUMAN THOUGHT AND FEELING...
...BUT 'NEATH THESE ZOMBIED-EYES, LIES ONLY MINDLESS DEATH!
THE TOWNSMEN TRAMPLE ON, NOT CARING WHOM THEY KILL IF THEIR BLOODIED GOAL CAN BE REACHED THAT MUCH EASIER.
BLADE TRIES TO FIGHT, BUT THE OVERWHELMING CRUSH OF BODIES LIFTS HIM OFF HIS OWN FEET, AND HE IS SWEPT ALONG WITH THE MURDEROUS TIDE...
HE STRUGGLES, PUSHES, YET NOTHING CAN HALT THE MASS OF MINDLESS HUMAN FLESH.
AND, TANGLED IN THE FLAILING ARMS AND LEGS OF MEN WHOSE ONLY THOUGHTS ARE MASTERED BY ONE ALREADY DEAD, THOSE WHO CAN THINK, WHO DO OWN THEIR OWN MOVEMENTS, ARE LOST IN THE ENDLESS, SAVAGE TURMOIL.

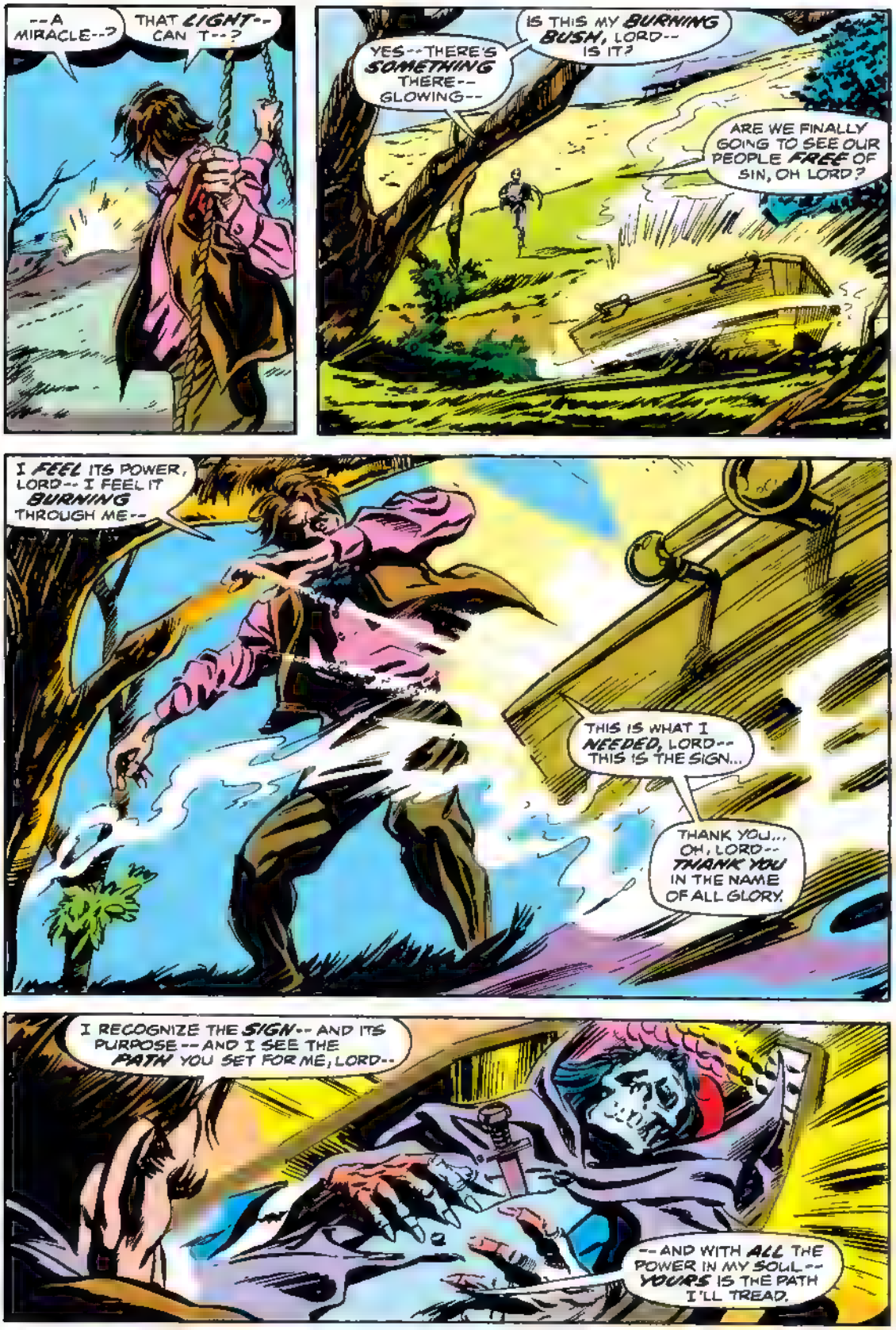

THOUGH IT SEEMS HOURS BEFORE THE MASS OF HUMAN ZOMBIES VANISH INTO THE EARLY MORNING DAWN, IT IS, IN REALITY, ONLY A FEW NELL-RACKING MOMENTS LATER...
YOU OKAY, HARKER?
NEVER MIND ME-- WHERE'S RACHEL-- FRANK? ARE THEY--?
WE'RE BREATHING, QUINCY--BUT BLASTED ANGRY. THE TOWNSMEN TOOK DRACULA BEFORE WE COULD STOP THEM...
...BEFORE HIS HEAD COULD BE SEVERED.
"NOW THEY CAN REMOVE THE KNIFE FROM HIS CHEST, AND, MAY HEAVEN HELP US, DRACULA WILL LIVE AGAIN!"
LEAVING THE HILLTOP MORGUE, THE HYPNOTIZED MEN LUMBER SILENTLY DOWN THE BLEAK, LONELY HILL...
...CARRYING A BURDEN THAT MAY VERY WELL MEAN-- THE DEATH OF THE HUMAN RACE!
BUT NOW WE SWITCH OUR SCENE TO THE NORTHERN IRISH COASTLINE, WHERE A SMALL PANEL TRUCK PULLS UP TO A GATEWAY OF A LARGE, SPRAWLING ESTATE...
AHEAD, CHEN. PROFESSOR MORGO AWAITS US.
YES, MISTER LO.
AH, IS THAT THE ONE DOCTOR SUN LOOKS FOR, LO?
AS THE MASTER REQUESTED, OF COURSE.
THERE WERE NO PROBLEMS IN ACQUIRING IT.*
*AS SHOWN LAST ISSUE.--R.

THEN, TO BEGIN.
LIN, CHEN. REST THE BODY ON THE TABLE, PLEASE.
NO DETERIORATION OF CELLS, AH-- GOOD.
BUT ONLY ONE METHOD EXISTS TO LEARN IF THIS MAN IS ALL THAT DOCTOR SUN NEEDS.
SEN SU, PLEASE TO TURN ON POWER.
MMMMMMMM
AH, VERY GOOD, SEN SU.
WE NEED BUT FIVE MINUTES FOR OUR FLUOROSCOPE TO BE READY, BUT IN MEANTIME--
--AH, VERY GOOD. ALREADY HIS IRIS TURNS RED.
MMMMMMMMM
ALL SEEMS IN READINESS. NOW TO BEGIN.
MMMM
CLICK
CLICK

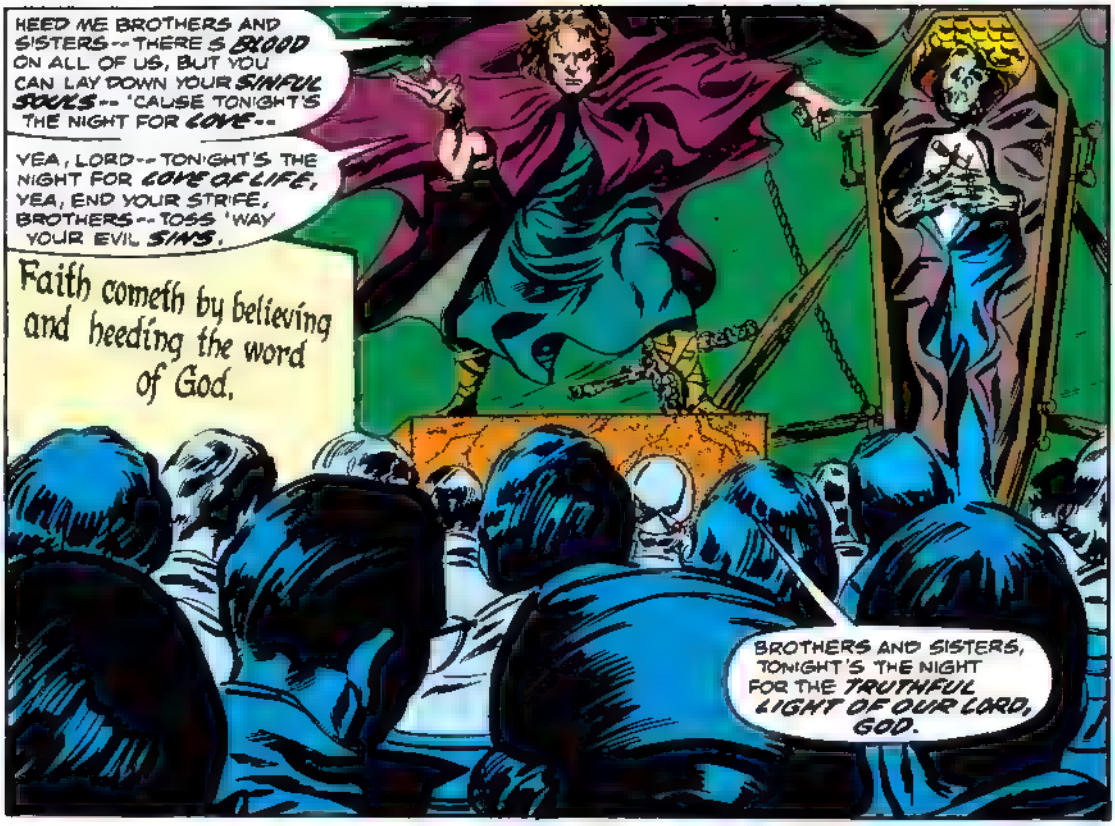

OBSERVE, CHEN: SLOWLY THAT WHICH WE CALL HIS CANINE TEETH GROW.
ITS GROWTH, IMPERCEPTIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE, YET THROUGH THIS DEVICE, WE MAY OBSERVE ITS PROGRESS.
AH, YES, CHEN. ALL MY TESTS ARE POSITIVE. THIS MAN IS A VAMPIRE!
MMMM


FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF FIGHTING, OF SEEKING TO CHANGE THE COURSE OF A MORTAL WORLD... HAS PASSED...
FIVE HUNDRED YEARS-- WHICH NOW RAPIDLY DESCENDS UPON THE NOW DECAYING BONES OF COUNT DRACULA...
...CAUSING THE FLESH TO CRUMBLE... THE BRAIN TO ROT AND FALL TO WASTE...
...FOR THE FIRST TIME, PERHAPS, IN MANY, MANY MONTHS.
AND WITH NO MIND TO CONTROL THEM, THE TOWNSMEN ONCE AGAIN ARE FULLY IN POSSESSION OF THEMSELVES...
SUDDENLY THE TERROR OF THE PAST MOMENTS BURSTS FULL-BLOWN WITHIN THEIR CONSCIOUSNESS...
...AND THE TERROR LEADS TO FRIGHT...
...WHICH LEADS DIRECTLY TO FLIGHT...
A FLIGHT WHICH TAKES THEM DOWN THE SOUTHERN POINT OF THE HILL TO THEIR TINY HAMLET NESTLED NEAR THE SURREY FOREST...
...YET, HAD THEY TAKEN THE NORTHERN ROUTE, THEY MIGHT HAVE FOUND THE SOLACE THEY WOULD BE SEARCHING FOR FOR THE REST OF THEIR LIVES...
...IN THE CHURCH OF THE FOREVER RESURRECTED, RESIDED OVER BY ONE VERY DEJECTED FATHER JOSIAH DAWN...
...A MAN WHOSE FAITH IS ABOUT TO BE SORELY TESTED.
WHY?
WHY, LORD-- WHY IS IT EACH DAY THE CROWDS DIMINISH-- THE PEOPLE LEAVE EARLIER AND EARLIER--?
WHY?

NO--! NO, LORD-- I DIDN'T MEAN THAT-- BY ALL YOUR GLORY, I SWEAR.
IT WAS SATAN, LORD-- SATAN'S HAND ON MINE WHICH THREW YOUR WORDS UPON THE SOILED EARTH...
HOLY BIBLE
OH LORD--FORGIVE HIM WHO IS THE COURIER OF YOUR THOUGHTS--YOUR WISDOMS--
--NEVER AGAIN SHALL I LET THAT DEMON DEVIL TAKE HIS HOLD ON ME.
BUT LORD-- LORD--I AM TROUBLED-- IN WAYS ONLY YOU CAN HEAL...
I SPREAD YOUR THOUGHTS, I HEAL THE SICK, THE WRETCHED, IN YOUR NAME--
--YET, LORD-- THIS EARTH'S NO PLACE FOR ANGELS, I FEAR--
NO, LORD-- FOR WITH EVERY PASSING DAY THERE ARE FEWER AND FEWER MEN WHO WISH TO HEAR YOUR WORDS.
I NEED A SIGN, LORD-- A MIRACLE TO BREAK THROUGH THEIR HARDENED SELVES--
YOU SEE-- THERE IS EVIL HERE-- ALL SORTS OF EVIL, LORD.
OH, THIS WORLD ISN'T WHAT IT ONCE WAS-- NO-- THERE'S TOO MUCH SIN-- TOO MUCH EVIL.
AND I SWEAR TO YOU, LORD-- THE ONLY WAY TO FIGHT IT IS A--


--A MIRACLE--?
THAT LIGHT-- CAN IT--?
YES--THERE'S SOMETHING THERE-- GLOWING--
IS THIS MY BURNING BUSH, LORD-- IS IT?
ARE WE FINALLY GOING TO SEE OUR PEOPLE FREE OF SIN, OH LORD?
I FEEL ITS POWER, LORD-- I FEEL IT BURNING THROUGH ME--
THIS IS WHAT I NEEDED, LORD-- THIS IS THE SIGN...
THANK YOU... OH, LORD-- THANK YOU IN THE NAME OF ALL GLORY.
I RECOGNIZE THE SIGN-- AND ITS PURPOSE-- AND I SEE THE PATH YOU SET FOR ME, LORD--
--AND WITH ALL THE POWER IN MY SOUL-- YOURS IS THE PATH I'LL TREAD.

FATHER JOSIAN DAWN: A MAN WHOSE FAITH HAS BEEN TESTED--
--AND HAS NEVER ONCE QUESTIONED HIS DESTINY.
IF HE HAD, HE WOULD QUICKLY LEARN-- THE GOD WHOSE "MIRACLE" HE SO READILY ACCEPTED-- IS A GOD NOT HIS OWN--
FOR HIS IS THE GOD OF LOVE AND PEACE--AND CERTAINLY NOT THE GOD OF STYGIAN DEATH!
THREE NIGHTS LATER: THE WINE-DARK VALLEY WHERE JOSIAH DAWN DWELLS IS NO LONGER A CLOISTERED, QUIET LAND-- FOR THIS NIGHT IS ALIVE WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF PEOPLE AND MIRACLES...
.. AS CONTRASTED WITH. .
YOUR MOVE, MY DEAR, AND GOOD LUCK. I HAVE YOU IN CHECK.
NO PROBLEMS, QUINCY-- MY KNIGHT TAKES YOUR ROOK AND...
QUINCY, RACHEL, BLADE-- COOK--!
I FOUND THESE POSTERS PASTED UP ALL OVER FLEET STREET.
THE DEAD RETURNS TO LIFE
JOSIAH DAWN-REVIVALIST
AND SOMETHING TELLS ME, THE 'DEAD' IN QUESTION IS OUR VERY OWN COUNT.


HEED ME BROTHERS AND SISTERS -- THERE'S BLOOD ON ALL OF US, BUT YOU CAN LAY DOWN YOUR SINFUL SOULS -- 'CAUSE TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT FOR LOVE --
YEA, LORD -- TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT FOR LOVE OF LIFE, YEA, END YOUR STRIFE, BROTHERS -- TOSS 'WAY YOUR EVIL SINS.
Faith cometh by believing and heeding the word of God.
BROTHERS AND SISTERS, TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT FOR THE TRUTHFUL LIGHT OF OUR LORD, GOD.

AND YOU WANT TO SEE THAT GOOD LIFE, DON'T YOU, BROTHERS AND SISTERS? YOU WANT TO SEE THE TRUTH, THE WORDS OF GOD?
SAY IT, BROTHERS -- SHOUT OUT SO THAT THE LORD HIMSELF'LL HEAR YOU SCREAMIN,' EVEN IF HE'S WAY ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS WORLD.
WE WANT THE TRUTH, LORD -- WE WANT THE TRUTH!

THAT'S NOT LOUD ENOUGH, BROTHERS -- DO YOU WANT THE LORD TO THINK YOU'RE NOT BELIEVIN' IN 'IM? YOU WANT HIM TO LOOK DOWN 'PON YOU IN SHAME?
CRY OUT TO HIM, BROTHERS -- TELL THE LORD YOU'LL LOVE HIS WORDS -- YEA, BROTHERS -- SCREAM AS LOUD AS YOU CAN -- YEA, LORD -- GIVE US THE TRUTH, LORD!

YEA, LORD -- GIVE US THE TRUTH, LORD!

YEA, BROTHERS--THE LORD'S NEARIN' YOU NOW--AN' HE'S MIGHTY PLEASED..
NOW THE LORD WANTS TO SHOW YOU A SIGN, BROTHERS--A SIGN THAT IT'S THE LORD WHO GIVES LIFE, AND THE LORD WHO CAN TAKE IT AWAY.
THAT'S RIGHT, BROTHERS--AN' HE'S GOIN' TO SHOW YOU BY GIVIN' BACK THE LIFE TO THESE DRIED OUT BONES...
..THESE BONES OF A MAN WHO THE LORD HIMSELF HAS PUNISHED FOR HIS EVIL WAYS!
NOW WATCH, BROTHERS--WATCH THE LORD'S HANDS AT WORK!
NO--NO--! DON'T DO IT!
NO, BROTHER--THE LORD'S HAND IS ON MINE--YOU CAN'T STOP US NOW
YOU IDIOT--YOU MUSTN'T TAKE THE KNIFE OUT--
STOP IT--STOP IT OR YOU'VE DOOMED ALL OF US!
THE LORD SAYS TAKE THE KNIFE, BROTHER--AND WHAT THE LORD SAYS, I DO..
...'CAUSE HIS WAYS ARE MINE--AND NOT THE WAYS OF A SINNER, BROTHER!

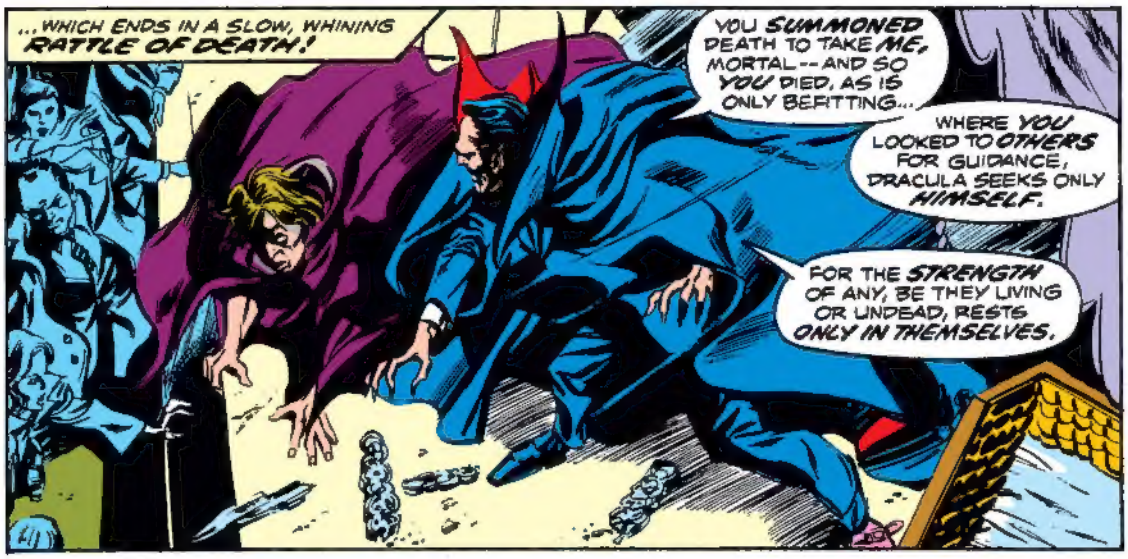
MAN, YOU'VE FLIPPED YOUR COLLAR, PREACHER. YOU'RE NOT FOLLOWIN' GOD--
--'CAUSE THAT DUDE'S BEEN DAMNED MORE TIMES 'N JUDAS!
S'DON'T CALL ME A SINNER, MAN--IT'S YOU WHO'S BROUGHT BACK HELL HIMSELF
BLASPHEMER! YOU'VE SINNED BEFORE THE LORD, AND HE HEARS YOUR EVIL WORDS.
BROTHERS--GRAB HIM AND HIS FRIENDS--AND WE'LL LET THE LORD HIMSELF GIVE THESE SINNERS PUNISH-MENT!
NO, PREACHER--HE SPOKE THE TRUTH--AND IT IS YOU WHO SHALL DIE BURNING IN HELL...!
FOR RESSURECTING ME--DRACULA GIVES YOU ETERNAL DEATH!
DEATH--NEVER, DEMON! THE LORD GAVE ME KNOW-LEDGE OF YOU AND YOUR KIND--
--AND HE SPOKE UNTO ME OF YOUR WEAKNESS!

NO! THE CROSS! THE ACCURSED CROSS!
YES, EVIL ONE-- THE SIGN OF THE LORD HIMSELF.
AND AS THE LORD RAISED YOU FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL-- SO SHALL HE BANISH YOU BACK TO ITS FLAMING PITS!
THE LORD OF EVIL TURNS, REPULSED BY THE SEARING POWER OF THE CROSS OF GOD, YET, HE TURNS NOT INTO THE PATH OF FREEDOM, RATHER TOWARDS--
MORE CROSSES?!? BUT THEY'LL NOT TAKE ME AGAIN-- I WON'T PERMIT IT--
--NOT NOW-- NOT EVER AGAIN!
YOU'VE NO CHOICE, DEMON!
BROTHERS AND SISTERS--NOW IS THE TIME TO HEED THE LORD'S WORD!
SCREAM IT, BROTHERS --I'M KILLIN' SATAN'S DEMON, LORD--I'M KILLIN' SATAN'S DEMON!
WE'RE KILLING SATAN'S DEMON, LORD!

WHAT? THEY PRESS ON-- GRABBING AT ME--!
BACK, YOU SENSE-LESS CLODS-- BACK BEFORE I DESTROY YOU ALL!
HURRY, BLADE-- WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM.
I KNOW IT, MAN-- NOW ALL YOU'VE GOTTA DO IS CONVINCE THESE IDIOTS--
--THEY'RE GONNA LET 'IM ESCAPE.
YOU THINK YOU FOOLS CAN TAKE ME SO EASILY--? YOU'RE WRONG-- WRONG!
DRACULA IS NO MORTAL MAN-- NO--HE IS MORE-- MUCH MORE--
--FOR NONE MAY TOUCH THE LORD OF DARKNESS LESS HE SO COMMANDS--
--NONE, THAT IS, WHO WISHES TO LIVE!
NOW, YOU WANTON IMBECILES-- NOW YOU SHALL SEE THE FULL POWER OF DRACULA--
--LORD OF THE UNDEAD!

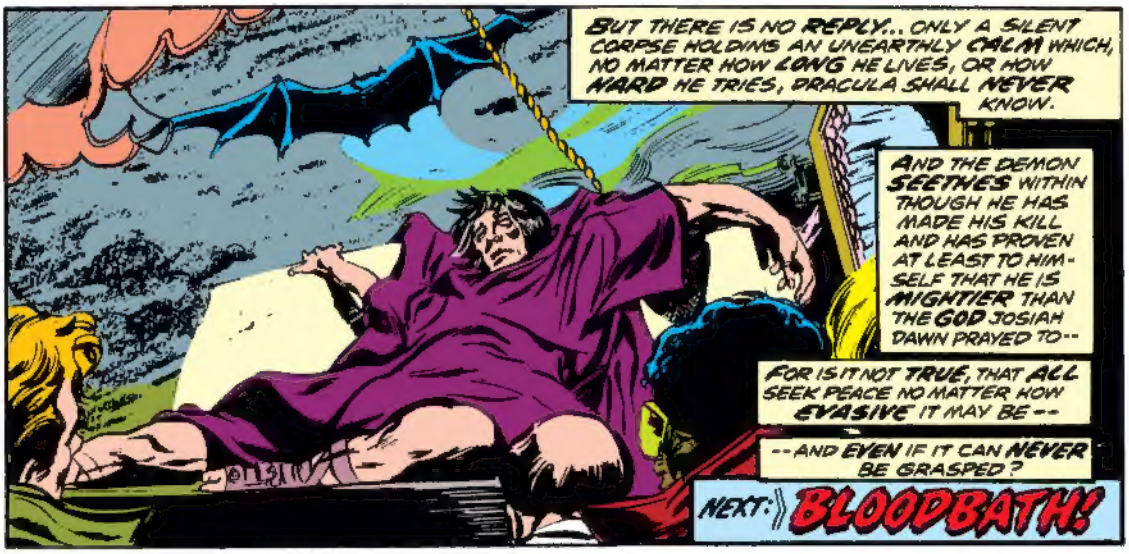
OBSERVE, YOU LOWLY FOOLS-- LOOK SKYWARDS AS DRACULA SUMMONS THE LIGHTNING ITSELF--
--GAPE IN SILENT AWE AS IT SHATTERS THE CALMNESS OF THE NIGHT-- AND RENDS THE STAR-DAPPLED SKY DARK WITH STORMCLOUDS.
SCOWL AND CRINGE-- THEN BOW BEFORE YOUR MASTER-- FOR DRACULA IS A GOD UNTO HIMSELF!
A GOD WHO HOLDS THE FRAIL ESSENCE OF YOUR LIVES IN HIS EVER-POWERFUL HANDS...
...AND WITH ONE SQUEEZE WITH HIS FINGERS, CAN CRUSH THAT VERY LIFE FROM YOUR STINKING MORTAL BONES!
JOSIAH DAWN, YOU HAVE RESCUED ME FROM THE VERY CLUTCHES OF DEATH ITSELF--
--AND FOR THAT YOU MAY EXPECT YOUR BOON--
NO, DEMON-- THE LORD SHALL NOT PERMIT YOUR WINNING-- NO-- HE WILL SMOTE YOU WITH THE VERY LIGHTNING YOU YOURSELF SUMMONED..
...AND HE WILL STRIKE YOU DEAD A THOUSAND THOUSAND TIMES!
--DEATH SHALL BE YOUR FAVOR-- DEATH BENEATH THE FANGS OF DRACULA!
NAY-- THE LORD SHALL CRUSH YOU, DEMON -- THE LORD AND HIS TOTEM OF TRUTH!

YOU THINK YOURSELF A SAVIOR, DO YOU NOT, JOSIAH DAWN--? BUT YOU'RE NOT-- YOU'RE NOT!
IT ISN'T YOUR GOD WHOM YOU FOLLOW, WHOSE WORD YOU NEED-- NO! IT'S YOUR OWN TWISTED HATE-- YOUR OWN MINDLESS VENOM!
YOU CAN NOT WITHSTAND THE LORD'S TOUCH, DRACULA--
--AND YOU CAN NOT EVEN HOPE TO ESCAPE HIS BLINDING LIGHT.
UNTOLD TIMES HAVE YOU DAMNED OUR LORD'S NAME, AND FOR EACH YOU MUST BE MADE TO SUFFER.
AND IT SHALL NOT BE DRACULA WHO DIES EMBALMED WITH THAT POISONOUS HATE--
--NO-- IT SHALL BE YOU-- YOU-- YOU!
THE SKY SPLITS AND SPILLS FORTH THE THUNDER... AND, AS IF DIRECTED BY THE HAND OF DRACULA, THE LIGHTNING CURLS DOWNWARDS--STRIKING THE VERY CRUCIFIX JOSIAH DAWN WIELDS!
FOR A MOMENT THERE IS ONLY SILENCE, AS BONES BEGIN TO BAKE AND FLESH BEGINS TO SEAR... BUT THEN, EVEN OVER THE SOUND OF THE TUMULTUOUS THUNDER, COMES A LONG AND ALMOST NEVER-ENDING SCREAM...


...WHICH ENDS IN A SLOW, WHINING RATTLE OF DEATH!
YOU SUMMONED DEATH TO TAKE ME, MORTAL--AND SO YOU DIED, AS IS ONLY BEFITTING...
WHERE YOU LOOKED TO OTHERS FOR GUIDANCE, DRACULA SEEKS ONLY HIMSELF.
FOR THE STRENGTH OF ANY, BE THEY LIVING OR UNDEAD, RESTS ONLY IN THEMSELVES.

NO...DEMON... YOU ARE, UHHH, WRONG...
I DIE...BUT MY SOUL... IS, UHHHH, AT PEACE WITH THE LORD..
...WHILE YOURS... UHHH, CAN NEVER KNOW PEACE--BUT ONLY THE... ALL-CONSUMING HATE.

...SO LIVE ON, UHHHH, DEMON-- FOR GOD'S HAND IS ON MINE--
--AND IT SHALL BE HIS THAT, UHHHH, RULES THE WORLD--
...AND NOT THE HAND OF HELLLLLLLL...
NO! YOU ARE WRONG, FOOL-- IT IS DRACULA WHO SHALL WIN-- DRACULA WHO SHALL SUCCEED!


BUT THERE IS NO REPLY... ONLY A SILENT CORPSE HOLDING AN UNEARTHLY CALM WHICH, NO MATTER HOW LONG HE LIVES, OR HOW HARD HE TRIES, DRACULA SHALL NEVER KNOW.
AND THE DEMON SEETHES WITHIN THOUGH HE HAS MADE HIS KILL AND HAS PROVEN AT LEAST TO HIMSELF THAT HE IS MIGHTIER THAN THE GOD JOSIAH DAWN PRAYED TO--
FOR IS IT NOT TRUE, THAT ALL SEEK PEACE NO MATTER HOW EVASIVE IT MAY BE--
--AND EVEN IF IT CAN NEVER BE GRASPED?
NEXT: BLOODBATH!